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Poetry.

A Psalm of Life.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each to-morrow,
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act!—act in the living Present,
Heart within, and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er lifes solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

From the Home Journal.

The Old Man Leaned on His Friendly Staff.

The old man leaned on his friendly staff,
With a tottering step and slow,
As he picked his way, of a Sunday morn,
To the church where he loved to go.

His hair was white, and he scarcely knew
A friend as he passed him by,
So feeble and frail was his memory now,
And so dim was his clouded eye.

He sat in a home-made chair at church,
In front of the preacher's stand,
And listened, as if in a pleasant dream,
To the words of a better land.

The sunlight fell on his silver locks,
And his white hair turned to gold;
And I fancied a sunlight shone from heaven,
On the heart of that pilgrim old!

But the autumn leaves have fallen now,
And the old man sleeps below—
We never shall see him pass again,
With his tottering step and slow.

Thrilling Narratide.

THE SHOT IN THE EYE.

A True Story of Texas Border Life.

BY C. WILKINS EIMI.

My word for it, reader, I should never have ventured to construct a professed romance out of incidents so wild and strange as those of this narration. It is only with the hope that you will accept in good faith the assurance given in the same spirit, that those things *really did occur* while I was in the country, and most of them within my personal knowledge—that I venture to relate them at all. Remember the scene is laid in a frontier county of Texas, and if you have even a remote conception of the history of that Republic and the general character of its social elements, you will be prepared for a good deal. But, though you might even have visited their cities and older settlements, you would still find it difficult to realize all that is true of frontier life, unless by extended travel and experience your faith should be fortified. When you can have to say, as I can, "what mine eyes have seen and ears heard," on that ground alone you will be "fit audience though few," to receive as matter of course, relations which would doubtless, for the moment shock others as monstrous in improbability, if not impossibility. The man of high civilization will find great difficulty in understanding how such a deed as I am about to relate, requiring months to consumate, would have been carried through in the open face of law and the local authorities—but the man who knows this frontier will tell him that the rifle and bowie knife are all the law and local authority recognized. Witness the answer President Houston gave when application was made to him for his interposition with the civil force to quell the bloody "Regulator Wars" which afterwards sprang up in this very same county—"Fight it out among yourselves, and be d——d to you!" A speech entirely characteristic of the man and the country, as it then was. It was in the earlier stages of the organization of this same "Regulator" association that our story commences:

Shelby county, lying in Western Texas, on the bordor of the "Red Lands," was rather thinly settled in the latter part of '39.—What population it had was generally the very worst caste of border life. The bad and desparate men who had been driven over our frontier formed a rallying ground and head-quarters here—seemingly with the determination to hold the county good against the intrusion of all honest persons, and a sort of "Alsatia" of the West, for the protection of outlaws and villains of every grade. And indeed to such an extent had this proscription been carried that it had become notoriously as much as a man's life or conscience was worth who settled among them with any worthy purpose in view; for he must either fall into their confederacy, leave or die! This was perfectly understood; and the objects of this confederacy may be readily appreciated, when it is known that every now and then a party of men would sally out from this settlement, painted and equipped like Camanches, with the view of carrying off horses, plundering or murdering some marked man of a neighboring county; then returning with great speed, they would re-band their plunder, resume their accustomed appearance, and defy pursuit or investigation. Not only did they band together for their operations in this way, but a single man would carry off a fine horse or commit a murder with the most open audacity, and if he only succeeded in escaping here, was publicly protected. I do not mean to have it understood that the whole population at this time were men of such stamp avowedly.

There were some few whose wealth to a degree protected them in the observances of a more seemly life—though they were compelled to at least wink at the doings of their more ruffainly and numerous neighbors; while there was yet another, but not large class, of sturdy, strait forward emigrants, who attracted solely by the beauty of the country, had come into it, settled themselves down whereever they took a fancy—with characteristic recklessness neither caring nor inquiring who were their neighbors, but trusting to their own stout arms and hearts to keep a footing. Of course all such were very soon engaged in desperate feuds with the horse thieves and plunderers around them; and as they were not yet strong enough to make head efficiently -were one after the other finally ousted or shot. It was to exterminate this honest class that the more lawless and brutal of the others associated themselves and assumed the name of "Regulators." They numbered from eight to twelve—and under the organization of rangers, commanded by a beastly wretch named Hinch, they professed to undertake the task of *purifying* the county limits of all the bad and suspicious characters; or in other words, of all men who dared refuse to be as vile as they were—or if they were, who choose to act independently of them and their scenes.—This precious brotherhood soon became the scourge of all that region. When ever an individual was unfortunate enough to make himself obnoxious to them whether by a successful villainy, the proceeds which he refused to share with them, or by the hateful contrast of the propriety of his course—he was forthwith surrounded, and threatened, and his stock driven off and killed wantonly—and if these annoyances and hints were not sufficient to drive him away, they would publicly warn him to leave the county in a certain number of days, under the penalty of being scourged or shot. The common pretext for this was the accusation of having committed some crime, which they themselves had perpetrated with a view of furnishing a charge to bring against him. This hate was entirely ruthless, and never stopped short or accomplishing its purposes; and in many a bloody affray and cruel outrage had the question of their supremacy been mooted until at last there were but few left to dispute with them, and they were tyrannized at will.

Among these few was Jack Long, as he was called, who neither recognized or denied their power, and indeed never troubled himself about them one way or the other. He kept himself to himself, hunted incessantly, and nobody knew much about him. Jack had come of a "wild turkey breed," as the western term it, for a roving family: and though still a young man, had pushed on ahead of the settlement of two territories, and had at last followed the game towards the south and finding it abundant in Shelby county had stopped there, just as he would have stopped at the foot of the Rocky Mountains had it been necessary to pursue it so far. He had never been in the habit of asking leave of any power where he should settle, and of course scarcely thought of the necessity of doing so now; but quietly set to work—built himself a nice log cabin, as far off from every body as he could get.—And the first thing that was known of him, he had his pretty young wife and two little ones snugly stowed away in it, and was slaying thedeer and bears right and left.

The honest brotherhood had made several attempts at feeling Jack's pulse and ascertaining his availability; but he had always seemed so impassively good natured, and put them off so pleasantly, that they could find no ground for either disturbing or quarrling with him. What was more, he was physically rather an ugly looking "Customer," with his six feet four inches of brawn and bone; tho' the inclination, just discovered in his figure, to corpulancy, together with a broad, full, good humored face, gave an air of sluggishness to his energies, and an expression of easy simplicity to his temper, which offered neither invitation nor gratuitous insult nor provocation to dislike. He was the very impersonation of inoffensive, royal honesty, slumbering on its conscious strength; and these men without exactly knowing why, felt some disinclination to waking him. He had evidently never been roused to a knowledge of himself, and others felt just as uncertain what that knowledge might bring forth as he did, and were not specially zealous of the honor of having it first tested upon their own persons. So that Jack Long might have been left for many a day in quiet, even in this formidable neighborhood, to cultivate his passions for marksmanship, at the expense of the dumb wild things around him, but for an unfortunate display he was accidently induced to make of it.

Happening to fall short of ammunition he went one day to "the store" for a fresh supply. This cabin, together with the blacksmith's shop and one or two other huts, constituted the "country town," and as powder and liquor were only to be obtained there, it was the central resort of the Regulators. Jack found them all collected for a great shooting-match, in preparation for which they were getting drunk as fast as possible, to steady their nerve. Hinch, the Regulator captain, had always been the hero of such occasions; for in addition to being a first rate shot, it was known that it would be a dangerous exertion of skill for any man to beat him—for he was a furious and vindictive bully, and would not fail to make a personal affair of it with any one who should mortify his vanity by carrying off the prize from him. In addition, the band of scoundrels he commanded were entirely at his service in any extreme, so that they made fearful odds for a single man to contend with.

Everydody else in the county was aware of this state of things but Jack Long, and he didn't know or didn't care. After they had fired several rounds, he went lounging listlessly into the crowd, which gathered around the target, exclaiming in admiration over the last brilliant shot of Hinch, which was triumphantly the best. The bully was as usualy blustering vehemently, taunting every one about him, and when he saw Jack looking very coolly at the famous shot, with no grain of that deferential admiration in his expression which was demanded, he snatched up the board, and thrusting it insultingly close to his face roared out:

"Here! You Jack Long Shanks, look at that! Take a good look! Can you beat it?" Jack drew back with a quiet laugh, and said good humoredly:

"Pshaw! You don't brag on such shootin' as that, do you?"

"Brag on it! I'd like to see such a mooneyed chap as you beat it!"

"I don't know as I'd be very proud to beat such bungling work as that."

"You don't, don't you!" yelled the fellow now fairly in a rage at Jack's coolness.

"You'll try it, by G——d. We'll see what sort of a swell you are!"

"Oh, well!" said Jack interrupting him him as he was proceeding to rave for quantity. "Just put up your board if you want to see me put a ball through every hole you can make!"

Perfectly astonished at this rash bearding of the lion—for it was difficult to tell whether contempt or simplicity dictated Jack's manner—the men set up the board, while he walked back to the stand, and carelessly swinging his heavy rifle from his shoulder, fired seemingly as quick as thought. "It's a trick of mine," said he, moving towards the mark, as he lowered his gun; "I caught it from shooting varments in the eyes:—always takes 'em there. It's a notion I've got—it's my gun." They all ran eagerly to the target, and sure enough his ball, which was larger than Hinch's, had passed through the same hole, widening it.

"He's a humbug! It's all accident! He can't do that again!" shouted the ruffian, turning pale, till his lips looked blue, as the board was held up. "I'll bet the ears of a buffalo calf against his, that he can't do it again!"

"If you mean by that, to bet your own ears against mine, I'll take you up!" said Jack laughing, while the men could not resist joining him. Hinch glared around him with a fierce chafed look, before which those who knew him best, quailed, and with compressed lips silently loaded his gun. A new target was put up, at which, after a long and careful aim, he fired. The shot was a fine one. The edge of the ball had just broke the centre. Jack, after looking at it, quietly remarked:

"Plumbing the centre is my fashion: I'll show you a kink or two, Captain Hinch, about the clear thing in shootin.' Give us another board there, boys."

Another was set up, and after throwing out his gun on the level, in the same rapid, careless style as before, he fired; and when the eager crowd around the target announced that he had driven the centre cross clear out, he turned upon heel, and with a pleasant nod to Hinch, started to walk off. The ruffian shouted hoarsely after him:

"I thought you were a d——d coward! You've made two good shots by accident, and now you sneak off to brag that you've beat me. Come back, sir! You can't shoot before muzzle half as true!"

Jack walked on without noticing this mortal insult and challenge, while Hinch laughed tauntingly long and loud—jeering with exulting bitterness, as long as he could make himself heard, as a "flash in the pan," —"a dunghill cock, who had spread his white feather,"—while the men, who had been surprised into a profound respect for Long, and were now still more astonished at what they considered his "backing out," joined clamorously in hooting his retreat.

The fools! They made a fatal mistake, in supposing he left the insult unresented from any fear for himself. Jack Long had a young and very pretty wife at home, and his love for her was stronger than his resentment for his own indignity. His passions were slow, and never been fully roused—none of them, at least, but this love, and that presented her instantly forlon and deserted, with her little ones in this wild country, should he throw away his life with such desperate odds; and seeing the turn the affair was likely to take, he had prudently determined to get away before it had gone too far. But had any of those men seen the spasms of agony which shivered across his massive features, as these jibing voice rang upon his ears, an insult which no proud free hunter might endure, they would have taken the hint to beware of chaffing the silently foaming boar any longer.

This was an ill-starred day for Jack though; from this time troubles began to thicken about him. The even tenor of his simple, happy life was destroyed, and indignity and outrage followed each other fast. Hinch never forgave the unlucky skill which had robbed him of his proudest boast, that of being the best marksman on the frontier; and he swore, in base vindictive hate, to dog him to death, or make him leave the country. Soon after this, a valuable horse belonging to a rich and powerful planter disappeared. He was one of those men who had compromised with the Regulators, paying so much black mail for exemption from their depredations, and protection against others of the same stamp; he now applied to Hinch for the recovery of his horse, and the punishment of the thief. This Hinch, under their contract, was bound to do, and promised to accomplish forthwith. He and some of his men went off on the the trail of the missing horse, and returned next day, announced that they had followed it with all their skill through a great many winding, evidently intended to throw off pursuit, and had at last traced it to Jack Long's picket fence, and there could be no doubt but he was the thief! The planter knew nothing of Jack, but that he was a new comer, and demanded that he should be forced to give up the horse, and punished to the extremety of the frontier code.

But this was not Hinch's policy yet awhile.

He knew the proofs were not strong enough to make the charge plausible, even before a Lynch Court, of which he himself was prosecutor, judge and executioner. His object was first to get up a hue and cry against Long, and under cover of a general excitement, accomplish his devilish purpose without question of mock trial even. So that, after a great deal of manœuvring, for eight or ten days, during which time the charge against Long was industriously circulated by his myrmidons, so as to attract general attention and expectation, as to the result of his investigations—he proclaimed far and wide that he had found the horse at last, hid in a timber bottom near Long's.—This of course seemed strong confirmation of his guilt, and tho' the mob were most of them horse thieves, to all intents, yet it was an unpardonable crime for any one to practice among themselves; so that Long was loudly denounced, and threatened on every side, and ordered to leave the country forthwith.

These proceedings, Jack by no means comprehended, or felt disposed to be moved by;—but give them to understand that he meant to remain where he was, until it entirely suited his convenience to go; and if his time and theirs did not happen to agree, they might make the most of it. And Jack was such an unpromising snagging looking somebody, and his reputation had now spread every where—of possessing such consumate skill with the rifle, that he thought it a condescension to shoot anywhere but in the eyes—was so formidable that no individual felt disposed to push the matter to a personal collision. He might still therefore, have been left in quiet, but Hinch had unfortunately taken up the impression, from Jack's conduct in the shooting-match affair, that he must be a coward and if this were true, then all his skill amounted to but little; and like any other bloody wolfish brute, he followed him up the more eagerly for this very reason, which would have disarmed a generous foe. Besides, Jack had given fresh and weightier matter of offence, in that he had refused to obey, and he defied his authority as Regulator. The very being of that authority seemed to require now that a wholesome example should be made of him, for the awing of all refractory persons hereafter. The wretch, who was as cunning as ferocious, and had sworn in his inmost heart to ruin and disgrace Long, from the moment of that trimumph, now availed himself remorselessly of all his influence, and knowledge of the society around him, to accomplish it. Several horses now disappeared, and robberies of other kinds, perpetrated with singular dexterity, follwed in quick succession. All these things he managed, through the clamors of scoundrelly troops, to have laid, directly or indirectly, to Jack's door.

But in the popular estimation they counted as nothing, in fixing the charge of dangerous malice upon poor Long, in comparison with one other incident. About this time, not only Hinch himself, but every other person who had made himself conspicuous, by concluding upon Jack's guilt, and the necessity of punishing him summarily began to loose, every day or two, valuable stock, which was wantonly shot down sometimes in sight of their houses, and it soon began to be remarked that every animal lost in this way, *had been shot in the eye!* This was instantly associated, of course, with Jack's well known and curious prediction for that mark in hunting, and a perfect storm of indignation followed. A meeting was at once convened at "the store," of which the Planter was the chairman; and at it, by a unanimous vote, a resolution was passed condemning Jack Long to be whipped and driven out of the country—and Hinch with his Regulators appointed to carry it into effect; He could hardly contain himself for joy; for now, whatever extreme his pitiless malignity might choose to indulge itself in, he had no fear of after claps or questioning. The meeting had been a mere form at any rate. But these "formalities" are all powerful everywhere, and unsettled and elementary as was the condition of society here, this ruffian leader of ruffians felt the necessity of acting unner their sanction, though he himself had dictated it. He would and could have consumated his purpose without it; but the faint life of conscience within him by a species of logic peculiar to itself—felt relieved of the grievous responsibility of such a crime in the sense of participating with so many others. Many a man has gone to the devil in a crowd, who would have been horrified at undertaking the journey alone.

It was the third day after this meeting during all these prosecutions, Jack had deported himself with the most stolid indifference. Avoicing all intercourse with the settlers, he had continued to hunt with even more assiduity than usual, and was in a great measure ignorant of the unenviable notoriety he was enjoying. He had heard something of the charge with which his character had been assailed, but attributed them all to the jealous enmity he had incurred at the shooting match. He could understand perfectly how one man could hate another who had beat him in shooting, and thought it natural enough; but he could not understand how that hatred might be meanly and desperately vindictive, and therefore gave himself no uneasiness about it. He was only anxious that his wife should not hear and be annoyed by any of these things, and preserved his usual cheerfulness of demeanor.

He had just returned from hunting, and laying aside his accoutrements, partook of the simple meal her neat housewifery had prepared for him; then stretching himself upon the buffalo robe on the floor, romped with his two rosy cheeked boys, who rolled over his great body, and gamboled and screamed in riotous joy around him; but mother wanted some water from the branch, and the frolic must be given over while Jack would go and bring it. So jumping up he left the little folks pouting wilfully as they looked after him from the door, and started. The stream was only about a hundred yards from the house, and the path leading to it was through a dense high thicket. It was against Jack's religion ever to leave his house without his gun; but the wife, whom he loved above all the universe of sentiment and everything else, was in a hurry for the water, and the distance was so short,—so he sprang gaily out with the vessel in his hand, leaving the rifle behind. The water had been dipped up, and he was returning along the narrow path closely bordered by brush, when he felt a light tap on each shoulder, and his career strangely impeded. He had just time to perceive that a lasso had been thrown over him, which would confine his arms, when he saw himself suddenly surrounded, and was rushed upon by a number of men. He instantly recognized the voice of Hinch, shouting, "Down with him! Drag him down!" and the men who had hold of the lasso about his body jerked at him violently in the effort to throw him. All his tremendous strength was put forth in one conclusive effort, which would have freed him, but that the infernal noose had fallen true, and bound his arms. As it was, he dragged the six stout men who held it after his frantic bounds nearly to his own door, before he was prostrated, and then it was by a heavy blow dealt him over the head with the butt of a gun. The last objects which met his eyes as he sank down, were the horrified faces of his two children and wife looking out upon him!

The blow deprived him of his senses for a short time, and when he recovered he found himself half stripped, and lashed to a tree a short distance from his house,—Hinch in front of him, with a knotted rope in his hand, his wife on the ground, wailing and clinging with piteous entreaty round the monster's knees, his children weeping by her, and outside this group a circle of men with guns in their hands.—That fearful awful awakening was a new birth to Jack Long! His eye took in everything at one glance. A shudder, like that of an oak rifting to its core, sprang along his nerve, and seemed to pass out at his feet and through his fingers, leaving him as rigid as marble; and when the blows of the hideous mocking devil before him fell upon his white flesh, making it welt in purple ridges, or spout dull black currents, he felt them no more than the dead lintel of his door would have done; and the agony of that poor wife shrilling a frantic echo to every harsh slashing sound, seemed to have no more effect upon his ear than it had on the tree above them, which shook its green leaves to the self same cadence they had held yesterday in the breezes.—His wide open eyes were glancing calmly and scrutinizingly into the faces of the men who stood around—those features are never to be forgotten!—for while Hinch lays on the stripes with all his furious strength, blaspheming as they fall, that glance dwells on each face with a cold, keen, searching intensity, as if it marked them to be remembered in hell! The man's air was awful—so concentrated—so still—so enduring! He never spoke, or groaned, or writhed—but those intense eyes of his!—the wretches couldn't stand them, and began to shuffle and get behind each other.—But it was too late; he had them all—ten men! They were registered.

We will drop the curtain over this horrible scene. Suffice it to say, that after lashing him until he fainted, the Regulators left him; telling his wife, that if they were not out of the country in ten days he should be shot. He did go within the specified time; and, as it was said, returned with his family to Arkansas, where his wife's father lived. The incident was soon forgotten in Shelby county amidst the constant recurrence of similar scenes.

(Concluded next Week.)

The Present Sultan of Turkey.

We copy from the introductory chapter of the "History of Turkey" by Lamartine, the following account of the personal appearance of the present Sultan, an interview with whom Lamartine describes. The Sultan had appointed a meeting with the Poet, "at a small pavillion or retreat wherein he loved to meditate, remote from the noise and pomp of his palace at Stamboul." Lamartine was then on his travels, and he copies this description, made at the time, from his note book. The interview took place several years after Abdul Medjid succeeded his father, who died in 1840.

On entering the kiosk, I looked around for the Sultan. He was standing almost invisible in the shade between the door and window, at the corner the least lighted in the room. The Sultan Abdul Medjid is a young man from twenty-six to twenty-seven years old, of an appearance rather more mature than his age. His figure is tall, elegant and slim. He bears his head with that gracefulness at once supple and noble, which the length of neck gives to the bust of Alexander in his early youth. The features are regular, the forehead high, the eyes blue, the eyebrows arched as in the Caucassian races, the nose straight, the lips well cut and parted; the chin, that foundation of character in the human countenance, is firm and well set; the aggregate leaves an impression rather attractive than imposing; you feel a man who wishes to be loved rather than to be feared; he has the timidity of modesty in his general air, melancholy on his lips, and a precocious lassitude in the attitude; you perceive that this young man has thought and suffered before his time.—But the feature that predominates is grave and meditative sensibility. You say to yourself: This man carries something weighty and holy in his thoughts, like the interests of a people, and he feels the weight and sanctity of the burden. Nothing of youth, nothing of levity in the expression. It is the statue of a young pontiff, rather than a young sovereign. The countenance inspires a certain tenderness of heart. You are haunted with the thoughts, despite of yourself, that here is a man sacrificed to supreme power, who is young, handsome, all powerful, who will be doubtless great, but who will be never free, never without care, never happy.—You pity, you love him, for amid his greatness he feels vividly his responsibility.—Every man in his empire may be happy except himself, The throne has taken him in his cradle.

His apparel was simple, uniform, almost a morning suit. A tunic of dark drab reaching down to the knees, the neck bare, loose linen pantaloons over dark colored half boots, a sabre without ornament on the hilt. His countenance alone could have discovered him to the crowd. I felt moved, attracted, affected by that melancholy of His Majesty.

While I was speaking to him he turned several times the pomel of his sword, upon which he was leaning, in his hand. He blushed and looked down, as if he had the bashfulness of his virtue. We attended him to the examination that he went to make in person, of the military youth in an adjoining institution.

"Stoop a Little."

The anecdote in the life of Franklin is well known, where, when entering a house by the basement door, he struck his head against the top, and heard his father say, "Benny, if you expect to go easy through the world, you *must* stoop a little." No class of persons need to ponder and apply this hint more than those who are looking out for a business and who make long delays in choosing. They want "something that *suits* them." To every thing that turns up they have an objection, and they wander like the man who tries to find a picture that will be a perfect portrait of himself and which he can purchase much cheaper than to have a portrait painted. The great trouble is, they will *not* "stoop a little," but oftentimes, at last, they have to bend their pride considerably! The best rule is, to embrace near opportunities for the security of the remote. Some one has said, "Fortune does not stoop often to take any one up;" but just as true it is, that where men stoop to Fortune she will raise them up. A man is far more likely to find better opportunities by doing something, than by being idle. He is at least exercising his abilities; he is testing his business qualities, he is brought into contact with the busy, and he may find, as many have found, that Fortune turns up the best thing just when he least expected her favors.

☞ SHIPMENT OF DEAD CHINAMEN.—The ship Sunny South cleard yesterday for China having on board the dead bodies of seventy Chinamen. It appears there is a company of Chinamen in this city doing quite an extensive business in disinterring and shipping the dead bodies of their countrymen to the order of the relatives of the deceased in China. The cost of the operation is about fifty dollars—a sum willingly expended by the wealthier class of Chinese, who consider it a duty, as well as a privilege, to pay tribute of respect to the remains of deceased relatives.—*San Francisco Herald.*

Deal Gently with the Erring.

Could we but for a moment draw aside the veil from the human heart, what awful mysteries would be revealed! Could we but read the secrets engraven there, how very much that we have looked upon with indignation and contempt, would we be led to look upon with pity and with kindness.—Many, very many may have fallen; yes, from the very pinnacle of fame and honor, to the unparalled depths of vice and wretchedness. Did we but know the many temptations which have crowded themselves upon their path; did we but know the flattering inducements held to their view by loved and professed loving ones, thoughtless of the fearful consequences which might ensue, and above all, did we but realize the unutterable anguish which oft times take possession of thier sensitive soul, conscience and duty would demand our pity and sympathy! and instead of awakening painful recollections, do all in our power to mitigate their woes. Thus would we be led to avoid in look, thought or deed, everything that would give offence or cause a thrill of pain. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which one careless word might fill with corroding grief.

A kind word is indeed a small thing; yet to the bleeding heart what a relief! It buoys the sinking heart, and nerves it against despair, Sunny smiles may oft times conceal a heart that is even now breaking, and wears but the semblance of joy, the more effectually to conceal its wretchedness. A kind word may dispel the gloom and heal the wounded spirit.

Mark that sad and lonely one, in whose eye the tear drops often tremble. Listen to the low sigh that struggles to hide the soul's emotion, yet speaks more plainly than words can tell of the agony that reaches within.

There is indeed bitternes there; the world may not heed it—may look with scornful gaze, or pass by in utter coldness. Is it not then our duty to act as angels of mercy to that benighted, desponding heart! to soothe its despondency, and point to a brighter hope. There is music in a kindly word that can soften the hardest heart; and when once the better feelings are roused there is hope.

A harsh or unfeeling word may fall like a withering curse, and urge us on to ruin or dispair thousands who otherwise might be reclaimed. Therefore it is our duty to be kind to all, to the lowest and meanest of God's creatures. It will cost us nothing, and may be the messenger of peace, comfort, and happiness to the desponding despairing one. Words of love and tenderness are sweeter, dearer, and of far more value than aught else this cold, self world can yield to miserable, fallen man.

Garden Fruits.

Moore's *Rural New Yorker* of the 24th of March, in an article on fruits for the garden, says:

"In the garden should be planted strawberries, currents, black, white and red, raspberries, asparagus and pie-plant. It does not take a large plot of ground to supply a family with all the asparagus and pie-plant they can possibly use. A plot of ground twelve feet by eighteen, would make as large an asparagus or pie-plant bed as would be profitable; and one twenty feet square, well cultivated, would furnish all the strawberries. But a garden should never be ploughed.—It should have plenty of well rotted manure, and always be cultivated with a spade, and kept clean: a quarter or an eighth of an acre would make a garden plenty large for any common-sized family, and furnish it with an abundance of comforts and luxuries, and be really more profitable than any two or three acres in wheat or corn, for garden vegetables save a great deal of meat and flour in making up the living of the family.

"Rheubarb, or pie-plant, as it is commonly called, is so easy of cultivation, and such a capital institution in the way of pies and sauce that it should be found in every garden. For a family, make a bed twelve by twenty feet, dig it well, and put in or dig in plenty of well rotted manure. Get plants of the Common Farly, Giant, and the Victoria, say one row of the Victoria, and about three rows of the Common. Set the plants two feet and a half each way, keep the ground clean, keep down the seed stock, and do not gather much the first year. In the fall put a shovelfull of good manure over the root and spade it as early in the spring a possible, or as soon as the leaves show themselves.

The great secret in raising the pie-plant in perfection is to keep the ground clean and rich, and not allow the seedstalk to grow. In gathering for use, select the leaf that has fully opened, and slip it off from the stem by running your finger down between the leaf-stock and the stem; never cut the leaf: always pull it off as described. If properly attended, a dozen plants of each kind will furnish all that any family can well consume. The Giant is late, and both that and the Victoria should be planted at least three and a half feet each way.

We have found the flavor of pie-plant much improved by using maple sugar in preference to cane sugar."

☞ A Lawyer once approached a pretty Quakeress, and said she looked so charming he couldn't help giving her a kiss.

"Friend," said she, "thee must not do it."

"Oh, by Heaven, I will."

"Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it; but thou must not make a practice of it."